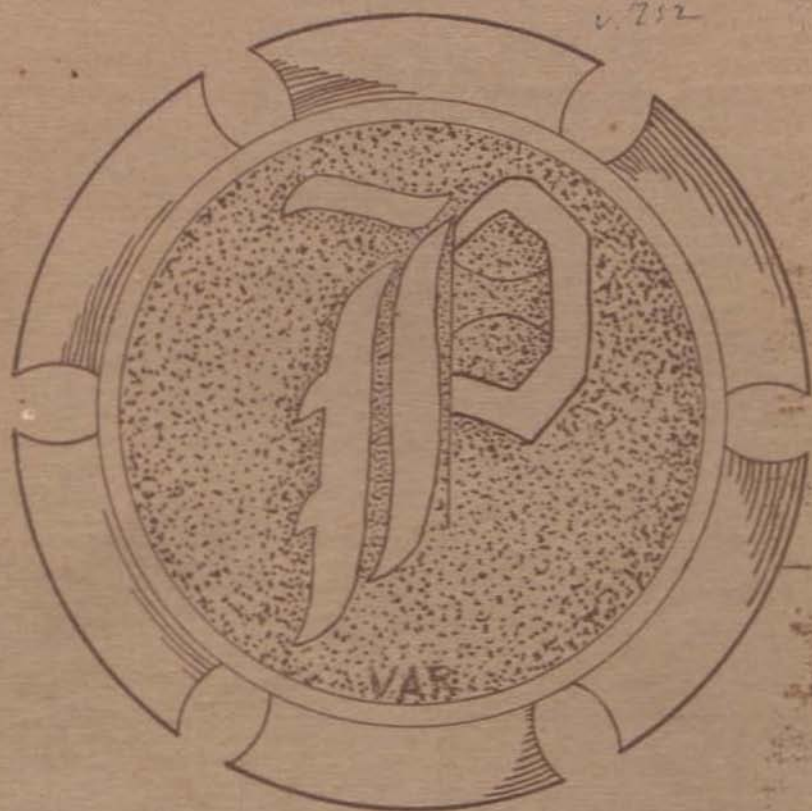


March 1912

v. 252



# POLYTECHNIC JOURNAL



EDITED  
*by the* STUDENT - BODY *of the*  
CALIFORNIA  
POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL

SAN LUIS OBISPO  
CALIFORNIA

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# POLYTECHNIC JOURNAL

VOL. VII

SAN LUIS OBISPO, CAL., MARCH 1912

NO. 2

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## Editorial

Far be it from us to crab more than befits the occasion, but be it known that this school year has dribbled thro our fingers until now we gaze with unfeigned surprise at the shattered remains which we grasp.

The Lord High Treasurer proclaims the official coffers to contain less of the coin of the realm than is requisite for the production of our final issue. Now slowly, slowly—jump not hastily to conclusions. That the Manager should grace a suit of new production; that the Josher sees fit to deck his person with a costly shirt, or that the editor should have a shoe of new design are reasons insufficient to warrant the involuntary cry of “boodlers,” “crooks” and “grafters.”

The subscription list is short—very short, but to the ones whose names adorn that page we wish to express our most sincere appreciation. Our



plaint is chiefly with you who lie back in ease and support activities mainly by your criticism. Change your method—be a booster.



The night before this issue went to press we had a dream. Dreams, as a rule, are interesting only to the dreamer. However, this dream made such an impression on us that we wish to tell it to you.

The scene was laid at Poly. The time was high noon on a warm and pleasant day.

On the lawn was stretched in various attitudes, students at the height of comfort. Others camped on window ledges, lolled in peace and equal comfort. On the steps of nearby buildings; on the porches and the railings were girls—all Poly students. And all this aggregation seemed intent on similar objects, and then, on a close inspection, with delight we saw the object. 'Twas no other than a Journal. In all hands was grasped a Journal. Faint we felt and yet still fainter that the day should find us living when all students were subscribers of the much abused old Journal.

Oh, yes; we felt so funny we got up and turned on the gas, and our mind made a hasty comparison at the dream and the reality. As we really see it a few get the paper, and the rest gather around in an impatient group to get a chance to see if they got a slam in the Josh department. They squabble over it with cries of "Me, next," or "Me, after you." Of course, we delight to see such interest taken, but really is that the way it should be?



## Heard From the Business Manager

NOTICE!!—To some of the self-appointed critics who do not subscribe to the Polytechnic Journal, but read it over some one's shoulder, and then travel about the campus knocking:

Do you know that it is yourselves who are to blame for any deficiencies found within these covers. If your money were backing up this issue it might be larger. If your misspent talent was put to use furnishing material for this issue it would improve the book. Reflect upon this and make a noise like some subscription money.

## The Student Control Committee

The movement instituted some time before Thanksgiving to have a student control of all student affairs has not been allowed to die, altho it may have appeared to some to have passed on.

The committee which has been working on the scheme has been waiting for copies of certain schools' constitutions which have tried self-government. As yet we have not received any material.

Of the schools which have tried the self-government, Los Angeles Polytechnic stands at the head of the list both for efficiency and success. There all discipline and student affairs of every kind are in the hands of the student control committee.

Before the student committee took over the student affairs in Los Angeles Polytechnic, discipline was difficult, and the Faculty was the police force. When the movement was first started, everybody was in favor of it, for they thot it would allow more license; but they were mistaken. The committee, elected from the student body, was more strict in their measures than was the Faculty. Those habitual rule breakers, who had, at first, hailed with delight the student committee, began to feel the weight of their companions' displeasure and were made to desist or else ran so much afoul of the committee's rules that they were dismissed.

In a year or two precedents were established and the novelty wore off. The committee's rules were obeyed and no trouble was given when disciplinary measures were laid down by the committee, for the students knew the Faculty were behind the committee and would back up any acts.

If the student body here is in favor of Student Control because they think it will mean less discipline and broken rules, they will find, as did the students of Los Angeles Polytechnic, that Student Control is not what they want. But if they are proud of their school and would like to see it stand with the foremost in student affairs, let them back up the efforts of the committee and do what they can to further the cause.

CASSIUS SIBLEY.

# L I T E R A R Y

## Contributors

DONALD MITCHELL  
AN UNKNOWN STUDENT  
F. J. McLAIN  
BOLLMAN  
ANNONYMOUS  
M. N. YOCUM  
A FRIEND





## Kathleen

Along the mountain road that skirted Anduran Peak, a fat old horse was jogging along. He was a steady, reliable old fellow and kept in the middle of the road or turned out for other vehicles by himself. If he had been other than this kind of an animal, it is doubtful if things would have gone on so smoothly for the couple in the buggy. They paid not the slightest attention to the horse, and were apparently absorbed in gazing at the magnificent view.

The road wound around the shoulders of the grand old mountain whose sides were covered with a luxuriant mass of herbage.

Far down the steep slope a noisy creek, clear and cold, tumbled over rounded boulders into deep pools. Here and there on the opposite mountain a dark red spot of poison oak glowed in the sun and resembled deep wounds in the mountain side where its life blood had flowed.

Although apparently absorbed in the scene before him, the young man was thinking of the lovely girl by his side. What an all around princess she was! She was so jolly, so sincere, and above all she was so sensible. How different she was from the average modern girl. They were frivolous, shallow, nonsenical creatures who delighted to retail every bit of gossip. But she, in all their long acquaintance and friendship, had never belittled herself by telling for his benefit any trivial, unkind piece of news that most girls would have enjoyed passing on. What a cook she was, and what a charming hostess she made, as she presided over her widowed mother's hospitable board. And, by the way, what a dear, good, motherly old soul her mother was. How near he had come to calling her "mother" on more than one occasion. Wouldn't it be great if he really could call her "mother," and have her call him "son." Ah! now is the time to acquire that right. No better time would ever come. But how shall he say it, how on earth shall he word it? And then, merciful heaven! suppose she should object to sharing her parent with him. Life would not be worth living. Joy! an idea. He has a fine system in mind that will show which way the wind blows before the vital question is put.

And she—the beautiful scenery gets but slight attention from her mind. Her thoughts follow this sort of trend: I am certainly having a delightful time this afternoon—what a fine companion he makes—there is no one that I know of that makes such a perfect partner as he—he knows exactly when



to keep still, as for instance, now—and isn't he a big fellow, though, and so strong. I'm awful glad he got promoted. He deserves all he gets and more, too. He is such a fine fellow; mother fairly dotes on him. Oh, what did you say?

Clearing his throat he began in an embarrassed manner: "Kathleen, I want you to be the first to congratulate me. I expect to marry the dearest girl in the world in a few months."

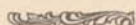
He was watching her closely, and saw her catch her breath quickly, and a vivid blush suffuse her cheek. Taking this for a favorable sign, he proceeded more collectedly: "I have her picture in my pocket now, would you care to see it?"

Surprise and consternation were stamped on her face. John engaged! Impossible! Why, he has been going with nobody but me for over a year. What can he mean?

Smiling a little to himself he drew from his pocket a small object, and said, as he passed it over: "She is all the world to me, and don't you think she's pretty?"

As she caught sight of her own reflection in the glass a beautiful smile spread over her face and she answered, demurely, "No, I cannot say that I think her pretty, but I am sure that she loves you."

D. M. '12



## An Afternoon by a Brook.

It was on a beautiful Spring time afternoon that I wandered away thru fields, over ditches and along dusty roads till I came to a favorite nook beside a little stream. It was only a short distance from the road but it was perfectly secluded and I threw myself flat on my back for a nap in the sunshine with my head screened from the sun by a tree, but the industrious sun kept moving too fast and delighted to send a beam of light thru every tiny opening in the screen of leaves. I was forced to give up my nap in disgust.

High overhead a tiny white cloud floated indolently by in a sea of deepest blue. A great brown buzzard was wheeling in ever narrowing circles till he was but a mere speck in the sky.

All about was nature's work shop and it was pleasant to lie and watch its inmates deliberately at work, for this was a lazy day.

Even the little breeze was tired and the brook floated placidly by as

tho it had not a care in the world but to lull me to sleep with its murmur or to dig out now and then a little clay in its shore line. Such a one lay just below me and as I watched, a little brown bird with much bustle and stir alighted on a flat rock to drink. In a moment he was off with a saucy flirt of his tail and a "chit chit chee" as he left. A pair of slate grey king fishers were busily at work tunneling into the winter torrents sand palisades in anticipation of coming household operations. A crow flew slowly overhead cawing loudly.

I dropped off to sleep once more but was again awakened—this time by a faint but steady hum and occasional dim "honk." Lazily I listened as the sound approached. Presently the "honk" was close at hand. Turning my head I saw a flutter of veils, heard a gay laugh, a roar on the bridge, a distant "honk" and once more all was still.

A panicky cow came crashing thru the under brush across the creek scaring the king fishers from their nesting operations. Down creek they flew uttering piercing single noted cries. A pure white sea gull which must have been off its course came flapping steadily inland. Numbers of dragon flies darted about. One of these must have gotten too near the water for, with a startling splash in that still spot, a splendid trout leaped half his length from the surface of the pool.

Long I lay there with the spell of the quiet spot upon me until the sun sank crimson behind a barrier of Western hills. I arose sore and stiff but happy and made my way homeward in the dark.



## Railroading.

A few years ago four of us made our camp in a snug little quarter of California's giant redwoods, about seven miles from Santa Cruz, for a two month's outing.

A person visiting or camping in the Santa Cruz mountains for the first time would think that their beauty would never grow monotonous but after staying there for a month and a half, the fishing, hunting, swimming and hikes through the forests grew tiresome, so we were at our wits end to know what to do to pass away the remaining two weeks. Each morning we held a general conference and acted upon the best scheme that was thought of during the night.

It was Tuesday noon when we returned from a little fishing trip and we



were in a quandary as to what to do for the afternoon, so "Shasta," the tallest of our group, suggested that we go down the track about five miles for a good swim. This sounded very good, as it was a rather warm day; so we washed our highly prized tin plates, cups, knives and forks, and other cooking utensils that made up our outfit, and laid them out on the grass to dry. As we all hated work, we of course, took every possible means of getting it done by nature's help.

With our camp looking neat and tidy (?), as boys always have things, we started out on our proposed trip, and after walking a half mile down the track, we saw, much to our delight, a hand car lying in the ditch, and it was the unanimous vote of all that this "special car" should be used in order to keep it from rusting.

As none of us had, as yet, been fortunate enough to get a job on the section gang, we did not know the easiest way of getting the heavy vehicle on the track, but after some fifteen minutes struggling we were on our way, with our bathing suits and coats at our feet.

I think every fellow's conscience troubled him a bit, because we quickened our speed involuntarily as we passed the hotel, wishing no one to see us. We continued on high speed for about three miles, then we slowed down, owing to the steep grade.

When "Shadow," the wisest of our number, called our attention to a couple of tramps counting the ties ahead of us, we speeded up again, as we were afraid of having company if we gave them an opportunity to get on.

After another mile of what we called "work," as it was the hardest toil we had done since we struck camp, I felt, under the intense heat, as though I would evaporate, and so I asked for a rest. The remaining three were ready and willing to stop, also, so we slid on the brake and made for a shady spot.

"How much further is it anyway?" was heard from "Alameda Brush," who was making his first trip to the swimming hole.

"Only about a mile," came the reply, but we little thought when we started out that it would be such a long mile.

It looked as though good fortune had so far attended us, but after we began our last mile, she forsook us and we found ourselves "stalled," as we heard a snap and our car began to slacken speed. We brought it to a standstill and as the fellows said I was a good kitchen mechanic, I ought to be able to find out what the matter was; so it was up to me to crawl under the oily construction and see, before we could continue our journey. We little thought of a break down when we started and did not make any



preparations for one, whatever, but lucky for us, the bolt that coupled the handles of the car to the gears had just worked loose and dropped out. "Shasta," who could cover the most ground to the step, was given the pleasure of going back to find the lost article, and much to his sorrow, had to walk about two hundred yards before he found it. This found, and put in place again, we once more started for our already hard earned swim.

We were still quite warm from the exertion, but our last lap was made more pleasant by the cool breeze that fanned our faces as we went down a long grade. Then the streak of hard luck fell on my shoulders, as a sudden gust of wind blew my hat off into the brush and caused us to stop again. As no one saw where it disappeared, we were at a loss just where to look for it, and soon gave it up as a lost hat.

"I hope to goodness we'll not have to stop again until we reach our destination," said "Shadow," who, like the rest of us, felt that we deserved our swim after all our misfortunes.

"Here we are at last," said "Shasta," who slid on the brake, jumped off with his bathing suit and ran down the path, closely followed by the rest of us. We gave little thought to the 4:10 train, due, or of the danger our private car was in by being left on the track.

The distant whistle of a train, however, reminded us of what a mistake we had made, and we began to realize we were taking a chance of having to walk home, so we all turned back again to remove the car. It so happened that we had stopped our car in a rather inconvenient place to remove it, as there wasn't much room where it could stand, there being a steep bank on either side of the track. All of us were so anxious for our swim that we left the car tipped up within two feet of the track. Then the question arose as to its being out of the way of the train, and we tried to move it over a little farther, when we lost control of it and it rolled down the bank into the brush below, where it was beyond all power of anything short of a wrecking train to bring it to its former position. All of us felt our hearts sink as we stood there helplessly gazing on the wreckage and thought of the long walk before us.

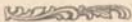
We were determined still to have our swim, but before going farther we made sure that the car was well enough covered with brush to avoid being discovered by passers-by. The swimming hole was invisible to those who passed, but we could easily see anyone going along the track, and "Shadow" was the first to see a man coming rapidly down the track. Our fear was aroused more than ever when this man, whom we found out

later was a game warden, came down the path toward us. We didn't wait to see if he noticed the hand car, but gathered up our suits and ran. After following the path through the woods for half a mile, we began to realize that we were getting farther away from camp, and were coming near a farm house, so we turned aside into the brush to wait until we could come to some decision as to which way to go. Finally, we came to the conclusion, that to go on would only lead us into trouble, and we were afraid that to turn back now would mean arrest by the person who was pursuing us, so we crawled some distance through the underbrush to wait until the possible detective had passed.

We waited for what seemed like an hour and we heard no one pass, then the quiet minutes seemed to change to hours, until we thought that either the man had gone for help or dropped dead on our trail. Regardless of what became of him, we decided to make for home, as night was drawing near, and on our way back to the trail again we found that we had hidden so far from the trail that we couldn't have heard anything had a dozen men passed by.

Feeling quite foolish at this, and tired enough to drop in our tracks, we arrived in camp too much exhausted to even cook our supper. After this experience we decided that the slower the means of travel, the better.

F. J. McLAIN.



## The Scientific Cow.

To our average farmer, a cow is little more than a dumb brute made by God for man's use, into which he drops some hay, a little straw and sometimes grain, in exchange for which he sits at random, morning and evening and draws a few quarts of milk, and becomes the possessor of a calf or so once a year. Milk is milk to him. So is dirt dirt, but in his eyes the strainer removes all of the latter, so it is a matter of little importance as to how much or how many varieties find their way into the milk pail. If the milk sours quickly, or the cream has a queer taste, or the butter is of poor quality, it is not known what causes these freaks. In early New England, people used to be burned at the stake for causing milk to sour by the use of witchcraft.

I do not by any means make an attempt to scoff at the systems used by our forefathers since time immemorial, so I will say nothing further of these methods, but simply state as best I can how the mechanism of the



great problem, the modern dairy cow, is controlled by scientific brain today, in the California Polytechnic School for instance.

First, the cow is a systematic arrangement of bones, nerves, arteries, veins, capillaries, muscles, epidermis, hair and a few other minor portions of the contrivance. If the milker, from the cause of a kick through the contraction and expansion of the cow's right hind leg, loses his equilibrium and becomes indignant and chastises the bovine with a few lusty strokes with the butt end of his stool, a very interesting phenomenon takes place. The strokes administered as punishment are telegraphed as fast as received to the brain by the nerves at the point of contact. This jarring of the nerves causes temporary nervous disorders. It makes itself known by a slight decrease in the milk yield. This is especially noticeable in the Jersey breed of cattle and should be taken note of. I will say for the benefit of mechanics that you do not have to oil cows frequently as you do an automatic press drill or pet an "upset bend", but it does pay to give the dairy cow courteous and humane treatment, good feed and care from birth until the closing of her era as a producer to the needs of mankind and to the dairyman's welfare.

To the feed and care of our milk engine is attached the utmost importance, after being lucky enough to possess one of paying proportions. Milk contains approximately 3.7% fat, 87.4% water and 8.9% of other solids, hence it will not do to feed old rags, tincans, gasoline or Dupont blasting powder because they contain very small proportions of the ingredients of milk and besides cows do not relish them as they are very distantly related to the goat. Here we figure out the following rations, which when used produce very good results and will be found to be of great value if ever given a trial. For the average cow weighing 1,000 pounds, producing 15 pounds of milk—10 pounds one-third each of cornmeal, oats and bran, 35 pounds silage, 15 pounds clover hay. If she gives more or less, or has a larger cylinder, open the throttle more in proportion. If you do not have plenty of good, pure water handy she will run dry. Anything that is pure enough for man to drink debarring chocolate, soda water, lemonade and other stimulants, is satisfactory drinking for the dairy cow.

Now, after you have the cow, good feed and water, get a milker with a sweet disposition, who is kindly disposed towards dumb animals and give him his salary. Also give him a good barn with concrete floors to keep scrupulously clean and a milk pail. Now you are ready to get some of the



milk. Before we go into this discussion a few words of explanation are necessary.

To the owner of the scientific cow, everybody and everything including air, contains a seething mass of germs, inside, outside and down the middle, and unless put through a method of cooking, called sterilization, these germs are as numerous as they are dangerous and are as dangerous as trying to go to parties and chivarees on Monday night when the "Profs." are infesting the atmosphere. Some of these germs are tuberculosis germs, some diphtheria germs, some scarlet fever, typhoid and some make the cream sour or the butter taste barny, cowy, weedy; and others cut freaks too numerous to mention. For these eminent reasons the owner of the scientific cow sterilizes practically everything except the cow and the milker and they are exempt only because they won't stand for it.

Now to get the milk—put the cow on the clean concrete floor, brush her, wipe her off with a damp cloth, see that no dust is lurking around, put your milker into a spotless white suit, wash his hands and face several times and then put him to work. After he has drawn all the milk from one cow, weigh it and test it (I mean the milk) and keep careful tab on the cow to see if she is better suited for beef or for the dairy.

The milk is then put into sterilized cans and later as carefully transferred to sterilized bottles. If you are careful enough and only let in 10,000 germs to the cubic centimeter the State of California will let you put its seal on your milk bottles and you will then be producing certified milk under the laws of the State of California; milk that any man, woman or child can drink and enjoy without having life endangered from impurities and infectious germs; milk that with equal care in handling will produce wholesome sweet cream, sweet flavored clean butter and cheese.



## "Billy."

Have you ever noticed him? He is about sixty years old, or young, I should guess. He is a friendly figure—an ornament to the Poly grounds. His round, brown face, shaded by a broad-brimmed derelict of a sombrero, fits well into the general out-door color scheme—where his duties mostly keep him. I never saw him other than when his face was decorated with a welcoming smile—or possibly it would better be termed a grin. This smile is characteristic of him and seems to indicate a nature that determines to accept all for the best, believe ill of no one, and enjoy life while it lasts. This trait has caused a bunch of mirth-wrinkles to gather and remain at the corner of each of his sharp, black eyes.

His simple working uniform consists usually of a pair of blue, much used overalls, and a clean but patched shirt which is evidence of a careful wife at home.

When he greets you on a bleak morning with a mellow, "Buena dias", or "Como estamos?", you feel as though a friend indeed had wished you success for the day, and as you turn and watch his short legs carry his short fat body over the ground with a decided waddle, you smile at the picture and are glad you may call him a friend.



### CALIFORNIA.

California, dear old mother,  
To thee our praises rise  
For thy bounteous gifts of sunshine  
Gleaming through transparent skies;  
For thy beauteous miles of seashore,  
Decked with timber tall and grand,  
Made more lovely by bold waters,  
As they dash on rock and sand.  
Tho by earthquakes sadly shaken,  
With thy temples razed to earth,  
In thy new-built halls of splendor  
Once more echo sounds of mirth.  
Harsh has been thy purge of fire,  
Bravely hast thou stood the test,  
And by all is now conceded  
As the Mecca of the West.

## A Midnight Mixup.

You remember that awful wreck of the Shriners' special from Los Angeles a few years ago? Well, you didn't know that I was mixed up in it. But I was, sort of.

It was this way. Tom, he's my husband you know, is a traveling salesman for Silverberg & Cohen, wholesale groceries and wines, San Francisco. Well, Tom had been combining business with pleasure by a trip south during the Shriners' celebration, and had written me a card that he'd be home late Thursday afternoon.

Now, Kitty, that's Tom's youngest sister, had come over from Sausalito to stay with me during Tom's absence. I'm a terrible coward about staying alone. And we had everything all fixed for the loveliest birthday supper and surprise for Tom. It wasn't exactly his birthday, but as near as we could come to it on account of his being away. And I was just bound we'd celebrate some way, because it was his first birthday since we had been married.

So we had our front rooms decorated just too sweet for anything, and I'd bought a box of such cute little cigars, with gold bands, for Tom. I can't see what makes them cost so much but they do and Tom certainly gets lots of enjoyment out of a cigar at night.

Well, that horrid old wreck had to happen. The first thing I knew about it was when a messenger boy came around about four o'clock and pulled one of those yellow envelopes out of his hat. Why don't they have some other color than yellow for telegrams? It always makes me sick, anyhow, to get one, without having it that ghastly hue.

It was from Tom of course! He said his train was held up by the wreck, couldn't be home till sometime next day. I just threw myself in Tom's Morris chair and had a good cry. It makes me mad yet when I think of all the nice things we had fixed up for the little supper that night. I was cross with Kitty and I smacked Fi-Fi when she tried to climb in my lap and comfort me. Dear little thing! She's dead now. A great big auto ran over her, right before my eyes. And to think how I treated that poor, dear kitten that night!

Anyway, I wouldn't eat any supper at all, but took some bromide and a dry handkerchief and went to bed with a sick headache. Kitty sat up till eleven or twelve reading a fool detective story in a magazine. I never could understand that child's taste in literature. When there are so



many good love stories, too, that any ordinary girl of eighteen ought to go wild over! But, I suppose, her being a regular Tomboy explains it.

Well, she finally came to bed and soon went peacefully to sleep, leaving me to toss about and worry about Tom. At last I had dozed off into a troubled sleep when I heard noise downstairs. At once I was wide awake, every nerve tense, straining to catch the least sound. There! I heard it again! It was surely a stealthy footstep. In the front hall too! And then a slight creak as the dining room door was cautiously opened.

I grasped Kitty by the shoulder and dug my fingers into her flesh. Would that child never wake up? After an eternity I managed to pierce her armor of unconsciousness and to impress her with facts as well as fingers.

"Burglars!!" I shouted in a whisper. At first she was incredulous but another muffled foot fall and a faint clink of silverware convinced her of my sanity.

My first idea was to barricade the door. Kitty's idea was to arouse the neighborhood. But I vetoed that. A desperate idea seized me. We must catch the villain downstairs and save my wedding silver! The police must be notified without frightening the burglar. But how? The telephone and exit from the house were downstairs. Neither of us dared venture. Despair!

But Kitty saved the day. Even before I had grasped the brilliancy of her idea, she had slipped on a kimono, raincoat and shoes. Tying a veil over her head, she faded from my sight out of the large window opening onto the balcony, leaving me alone in the darkness with that burglar. Her idea was to slide down one of the iron pillars of the porch and reach a telephone. I thanked heaven she was a Tomboy.

But I will quickly pass over the countless ages I sat there on the edge of the bed shivering from cold and terror. At length, all was quiet in the lower regions. Try as I might, I could distinguish no sound. I tried to reconcile myself to the loss of the silver by thinking how much worse it might have been if he had gotten my jewelry too.

And then the auto dashed up when I was sure it was too late. Several men dashed into the yard. Some went toward the rear of our cottage. Others ran up the front steps and let themselves in with the pass key that Kitty had not forgotten.

And there I sat like a little goose without enough courage to go down and welcome our rescuers, even if it was too late, as I thought.

I could hear them going about below, to the dining room first and then toward the back of the house, led by Kitty, whom they had picked up on Telegraph Avenue from the all-night drugstore where she telephoned. Last of all they took a look at our front room, the reception room we call it, and the awfulest rumpus broke out! Falling furniture and breaking glass!

The noise and conversation seemed to break the spell which had held me bound since Kitty left. I threw on some wraps and flew downstairs to the switchboard in the hall, where I pressed button after button till the whole house was flooded with light. Then I rushed to the half opened front room door.

You can never guess the sight that met my horrified gaze. There was my own Tom struggling with the big brutes of policemen. I gave one scream and fainted, I guess, for the next thing I know was that dear old Tom held me in his arms and Kitty was trying to drown me from the water carafe.

Well, I cried and laughed, Tom gave the policemen a drink all around and some cigar money, and they left. Then Kitty hustled around and resurrected what she could of what was once that lovely surprise supper and we celebrated, after all, while Tom explained the whole affair. How he had managed to come on through to Oakland that night and not wanting to disturb us, had let himself in noiselessly, as he thought, got a cold lunch in the dining room and retired upon the reception room couch. And that's how I was mixed up in the wreck of the Shriner special.



### Coach Nelson on "School Spirit."



One often hears the remark, "We have no school spirit at the Poly," and it naturally leads to the question: "What is true school spirit?" Is the man who goes out for the various branches of athletics the only example of a student endowed with the true school spirit? Not necessarily. There are a great many men in school today that never have been a candidate for any of the various teams representing his school, either for lack of time or thru inability. Yet they have had true, unselfish school spirit in every sense of the word. First, they were good representative students. Second, their interests were with the school in all its activities—debate, athletics, etc. They gave their loyal support at all times and boosted when and where they could and never brought out their little hammers and knocked. If they happened on the athletic field as a spectator they always had a word of encouragement for

any one trying out for one of the teams, and never did you hear him



poke fun at the awkward fellow who was willing but lacked the form of the finished athlete. Such a student has a true school spirit.

Every student who has the time should take part in some branch of school activities outside the regular schedule of studies, as an actual contestant.

Athletics has been given a place on the curriculum of all colleges and universities throughout the country. Thousands of dollars are expended every year on the different branches of athletics—and all for a good purpose. It is coming to be looked upon more and more as a part of our great institutions of learning.

To be a true type of the representative American, one should have a well trained body as well as a fully trained mind. Every boy and girl in our school should, as far as possible, take part in athletics one way or another.

Debate, social functions, literary societies all have a place in our school life. We should, as far as possible, take full advantage of what they offer us. It certainly affords one a training not obtainable from a book. It teaches one to meet one's fellow men—and, after all, what is an education but the development of an ability to meet and mingle properly with one's fellow men? I can think of no better way to equip one's self for these qualifications than by affiliating with one of these branches of school activity.

Nothing truer was ever said than the statement made by one of our leading educators, that "society can hope to accomplish nothing except when working by and through co-operation." If this be true of society as a whole, it is no less so in our school life. A single individual can accomplish greater results from his or her efforts if he or she work as one of a group. Carry this a little further and it will apply to our whole student body.

Let us, as appreciative students, impelled by a common loyalty to our California Polytechnic School, act in unison, boost and support in every way and at all times every branch of our school life, and I am sure no one will again hear the expression "There is no school spirit at the Poly."

J. W. N.

## Track Prospects.

Poly, regretting the loss of many of last year's track team, still has the spirit, and those left, with plenty of new material, under the faithful and untiring efforts of our coach—J. W. Nelson, formerly of the Seattle Athletic Association, will turn out a winning team.

The fellows were slow in turning out for regular training at the first of the season but with a little encouragement from the coach and various members of the old team they are now lined up well for training. The Freshmen have the spirit and are out working hard with the Juniors and Seniors to help produce a winning team.

Poly's track teams in the past have taken all the meets of the San Luis Bay Athletic Association by highest honors. Its teams have also done creditable work at Santa Barbara's invitational meets.

Altho Poly is lacking many a good man that she had last year, our hopes are high that we will take the league meet this year and also do better at Santa Barbara than we did last April.

Poly's team will journey to Santa Barbara again to participate at that meet of March 30.

The League meet will be held the following Saturday (April 6) on our own oval.

There are many expressions of confidence regarding members of last year's team who will again enter and also in those who are now attending Poly and are known to have "made good" in other schools. A review of these are:

Barney Murray—A fast man in the sprints; one who has taken high honors and this year hopes to make better time.

"Dutch" Schweizer—A Santa Barbara star in distance work. He is now training faithfully for his favorite races. He has won honors at Santa Barbara and also at one of Stanford's interscholastic meets.

Francis Murray—Bidding fair to equal his brother in the sprints.

Lyon Bissinger—A natural born runner who is getting into trim fast for his races.

"Chuck" Williams—A new man with good form who is training hard for the meets.

Chas. Hamaker—There with the discus better than ever before.

Walter Nelson—Another new man with good form in the high jump.

Others who are signed up and are doing very creditable work are:



J. Bennet, P. Eastman, R. Elles, F. McLain, G. Nickle, R. Tanner, E. Shirley, C. Hoskins, Bollman, C. Tanner, E. Holman, G. Dyer, R. Wilmar, M. Weymouth and F. Baldwin.

"Casey" Cook, Track Captain, who with his diplomatic handling of the men is getting excellent results, is to be much commended. By his own hard training and untiring efforts he sets a splendid example to men of whom he is the captain.

Under the management of Carol Stone, the track team hopes to get a return meet, which is due them, with Santa Barbara and Alameda High Schools as well as one with San Jose High School.

In the month to come, Poly's team will be training hard for the meets that are scheduled, with the idea in mind to prove itself a winning team.



## Base Ball Forecast.

The base ball squad has been out for light practice for the past two months.

A new batting cage has been made and erected on the field where practical use is made of it every noon time. With this practice, the opening of the season should find the team composed of a bunch of good sluggers.

The material on hand is very promising, with such men as "Red" McLain (from Anderson) the reliable South paw, "Pinkey" Corick, from Santa Rosa High, a steady, swift first base man, "Hoxey" Hoskins, the famous ambidexterous twirler and crack infielder, "Chuck" Williams, a fast third baseman from Santa Monica High, Maver Smith, a fast short stop with an awful peg, from Nordoff, "Stonie," of Santa Barbara, a sure back stop with a neat peg for second.

Other men such as Capt. Dyer, Barney Murray, Bill Shipsey and Chas. Hamaker—all vets of last year's team, will be seen again in a suit this season.

With coaches Nelson and Johnston, and an aggregation such as mentioned, there is no reason that Poly should not be able to walk away with any games that may be scheduled with teams at all in her class.



## Final Basket Ball Notes.

The Polytechnic team will never forget the last series of games played in the year 1911. The team went to Pacific Grove to play a series of three games with the local teams. It was the most successful and most pleasant trip that the team has ever taken.

It is the first time in the history of basket ball here that a team has been sent as far north as Pacific Grove, but we sincerely hope that the teams hereafter will have a chance to play farther out of their territory.

As I stated before, it was the most successful trip we have taken both from the financial standpoint and all around pleasant time. Although defeated once we brought home two victories. Very little has been said about this trip, except the scores.

One of the most important features was the way they entertained us. It was certainly great! Feeds, moonlight picnics and auto rides. Such a variety of tempting entertainment so interfered with our training that it was abandoned.

When we arrived, we were met at the depot by a large delegation of High School students, who escorted us to the gym. Here we tried the court and commenced practicing for our coming game. Captain Bush called a halt after an hour of fast work.

The next morning we practiced signals for a short time, and in the afternoon we took in the sights. In the evening we played Pacific Grove High School. This was the hardest and closest game of the season. Our team had all the better of the team work, but our basket throwing wasn't what it should have been. Pacific Grove took the lead by making the first four points, but we soon settled down and dug right in and from here on it was anybody's game till the final whistle for time was blown. We were playing at a disadvantage, having never played on an indoor court before, but we played our best and have no excuses to make.

After the game we were taken to a hotel and given a banquet. We spent a delightful evening. Following the banquet we were entertained by an impromptu program. This was one of the many treats that Pacific Grove gave us and we certainly appreciate their kindness.

Friday afternoon we played the second game of the series with Monterey High on the P. G. court. This game ended with a score of 50-12 in our favor. The score plainly shows that this game was not nearly as fast and exciting as the one the night before. Our team work confused

Monterey, although they put up a good game for the amount of playing they had done. Our basket throwing showed a marked improvement in this game.

The same day we were given another treat in the form of a moon-light picnic on the beach. This was a success from our view-point as there was plenty to eat. A great deal of credit is due Mr. Nash, the P. G. basket ball coach, for the manner in which he attended to the welfare of our team. After the picnic we were taken back to our lodgings and carefully looked after.

Saturday morning we were favored with an automobile ride around the Seventeen-Mile Drive in one of the Hotel Del Monte's large autos. This was enjoyed by all, as it is one of the Thousand Wonders.

The last game was played with Pacific Grove Athletic Association on their court. It was harder fought than the second game but not as exciting as the first. We won this game by a score of 50-18. In the last three minutes of play our team scored ten points. This was the fastest and best team work we have ever shown.

As a matter of interest we include a newspaper clipping from P. G. giving an account of the game we lost:

On Thanksgiving evening at the gym occurred a game of basket ball between the P. G. H. S. team and the California Polytechnic School of San Luis Obispo, which was the speediest and most hotly contested game ever played here, and was so evenly played that it was not until the last minute of play that our boys turned a defeat into a victory. Throughout the game first one team was ahead and then the other and the enthusiasm of the large audience knew no bounds.

The Polytechnic team did some splendid team work, but were unfortunate in having two players hurt, their tall center getting a severe dig in the eye by Rinaldo Coe which delayed the game for some time. From then on it was apparent that he was not playing his accustomed good game.

The playing of Smith at center and the goal-throwing of Merton Weymouth deserve special mention.

While the team work of the local boys was not up to that of the visitors, their basket throwing was better and won them the game. The field throwing of MacMahon was extremely clever and the all-round playing of

Captain Sharp was of the highest order. The team as a whole did great work and when it is known that the Polytechnic boys have never before suffered defeat, it shows that P. G. H. S. will be heard from in the league games about to take place.

The score was 32-30.

Line-up follows: Pacific Grove—Forwards, Captain Sharp, Harry MacMahon; Guards, Rinaldo Coe, Ritter Holman; Center, Elwyn Jenkins. Polytechnic—Forwards, Weymouth and Cook; Center, Smith; Guards, Bush and Hoskins.







The reception given to the Faculty and students of the Polytechnic by the Amapola Club was one of the leading social events of the winter season. A very well planned program was enjoyed by all, consisting of the following:

Piano Solo—"Clayton's Grand March"	- - -	Mr. Jess Bennett
Vocal Solo—"In the Twilight"	- - - - -	Joe Schweitzer
Farce—"Madame Dr. Divine"	- -	By eleven members of the Club
Duet—"Qui vive"	- - - -	Miss Sandercock and Mr. Bennett

The rest of the evening was spent in dancing. Light refreshments were served in the adjoining room which had been decorated for the occasion with palms and numerous pennants.

The girls of the "Dorm." enjoyed a "Tamale Feed" on Sunday evening, January 18th. Dainty dessert was served after the main courses, which was the donation of Miss Edna Byers.

The Amapola Club has made wonderful progress in the study of travels, in the last few meetings. Miss Howell started us off at San Francisco and journeyed us across the Pacific Ocean, landing us in Japan. Scarcely any of us got seasick. At the following meeting Miss Secrest piloted us through quaint and picturesque Japan, portraying the domestic life of the Orientals. At our next meeting we shall be glad to have with us Mrs. Leroy B. Smith's mother, Dr. White, who recently made her return from China, and will relate interesting facts concerning the Chinese people.

Miss Forbes complimented the Misses Tognanzini and Johnson with a candy pull on Sunday evening, February 4th. On this occasion the guests were as follows: Misses Cheda, Huchting; Messrs. Williams, Stone, Shipsey, Forbes. After the candy was pulled, delicious chocolate, dainty cakes and bon bons were served, while they told ghost stories by the dim light of the fireplace.

Mr. and Mrs. Middleton entertained with a "Wild Duck Dinner", in honor of Mr. Thompson of the University Farm at Davis. Mrs. Middleton prepared the dinner, assisted by Mrs. Nelson and Miss Castle. Other guests who enjoyed the bountiful repast were Messrs. Nelson and Caranza.

The Amapola Club met on Thursday, February 22nd, in the girls sitting room of the Household Arts Building. After business matters had been discussed, an appropriate programme was rendered, after which they all repaired to the dining room, where they witnessed the cutting of George Washington's Birthday cake and enjoyed eating it in addition to ice cold cherry punch.

The Dormitory Boys entertained the Girls of the Dormitory on Wednesday eve, Jan. 18, with a little "At Home Party", from 6:30 to 7:30. Dancing was the main feature of the evening. The refreshments consisted of fruit.

On Friday evening, Feb. 2nd, the Dormitory Girls entertained a few of their friends with a moonlight party. Singing and many outdoor games were most enjoyable. Those present were Misses Kirk, Johnson, Byers, Hall, Tognanzinni; Messrs. Clark, Weymouth, Brown.

The Girls of the Dormitory entertained with a dinner party on Sunday eve, Jan. 28th. Covers were laid for fourteen. Those who enjoyed the six course dinner were as follows: Misses Tognanzinni, Hall, Kirk, Johnson, Hubbert, Byers, Huchting; Messrs. Bennett, Hamaker, Bumgardner, Weymouth, Schwartz, Brown, Cook. The reception room was decorated with draperies of green and gold, there being an artistic arrangement of acacia flowers and evergreens. After dinner the jolly crowd played games and sang old familiar songs, the accompaniment being played by Mr. Bennett.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin B. Smith were entertained at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Oscar L. Heald, February 15th.



The Baracas of the Baptist Church entertained the Philatheas on Saturday evening, February 17th. The actors represented the harmless inmates of "The Agnews Institution for the Insane." "Keeper" Donald Mitchell presented well made up characters, some of which were as follows: "Hard Luck Pete", "Hungry Heine", "Hercules", and other appropriate named characters to the number of twelve. Polytechnic students who enjoyed the fun were: Misses Hubbert, Kirk, Johnson; Messrs. Nickle, Mitchell and Smith. The evening was closed with a march to Rowan's Palace of Sweets, where dainty refreshments were served in the Ice Cream Parlors.

The Young Ladies' Class of the Presbyterian Church, many of whom are students of the Polytechnic, entertained the Young Men's class on Friday evening, March 1st.

Miss Howell entertained with a dinner at her home on Mill St., the Misses Secrest and Chase, Friday evening, February 25th.

Miss Sophia Huchting was the recipient of a box consisting of many "good eats", namely: Pomona choice oranges, walnuts, home-made cakes, cookies, candies, jellies and jams. The donor of the much appreciated box was an ex-student of the Polytechnic, Mrs. Eva Heartt Shoemaker. On the evening of its arrival, February 8th, Miss Huchting invited the Dorm. girls to enjoy the treat, which brought back to them fond recollections of "Mother's cakes and cookies." Later in the evening original poems, ghost stories and riddles caused great mirth and merriment.

Miss Castle entertained on the evening of February 24th, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson and Mr. Carranza, with a dainty supper prepared in the chafing dish.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Smith entertained the members of the Debating Team at dinner January 30th.

One of the most enjoyable diversions of the past month was the "Pre-lenten" picnic given at Reservoir Canyon on Sunday, February 18th. The jolly crowd consisted of Misses Cheda, Forbes, Shipsey, Sandercock, Ridle, and Messrs. Shipsey, Hoskins, Schwartz, McLain, Cook, Brown, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Nelson.

Very appetizing baskets of lunch were opened up and set before the hungry party at mid-day, which were greatly relished.



Mr. Johnston acted as host at a dinner complimentary to a Polytechnic Alumni, Mr. Harvey Strawbridge, who visited here recently from San Lorenzo.

The Freshmen dance, given in the dining hall on the evening of February 5th, was one of the most brilliant social affairs of the season. The delight of this function was that not only a select few but all members of Faculty, student body and their friends had the opportunity to participate.

Miss Eva Fridley entertained with a card party at her home on February 17th. Those present were: Miss Byers, Messrs. Snyder and Nickle. Refreshments consisted of delicious bon-bons whose advent christened the handsome chafing dish.

Misses Secrest and Chase entertained recently Misses Howell and Gillett at dinner in the dining hall.

Mrs. E. B. Smith entertained the Polytechnic girls of her Sunday school class at breakfast Sunday, February 10th. Those who enjoyed the breakfast were: The Misses Kirk, Johnson and Byers.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Smith entertained at dinner the Misses Williams and Castle on February 9th.

Among the more notable events of the season was the "Leap Year Topic Party", given Saturday, January 27th, in the Faculty Club Room, by the Misses Secrest and Chase, to members of Faculty and friends. The men were escorted to a daintily furnished dressing room provided with powder and rouge and warned by suitable mottoes to accept modestly all attentions proffered by the ladies. The women were shown into a scantily furnished room, where notices instructed them on the principles of gentlemanly behavior. The evening was spent in conversation with chosen partners. Rhymes were read descriptive of all those present and prizes were given to the best guessers. Refreshments were served.

Miss Hazel Brew entertained with a luncheon in the dining room of the Household Arts Department, Tuesday noon, January 23rd. The guests were Mesdames Duff, Jones, Murray and Miss Williams. Miss Campbell acted as waitress.

Luncheons given by the senior girls during the winter season will be of interest.

Miss Campbell acted as hostess at a luncheon served in the dining room of the Household Arts Building. A vase full of yellow acacia dec-

orated the center of the table, while hand painted cards with a little sprig of acacia marked the covers for Mrs. Campbell, Misses Howell, Chase and Gillett. Miss Sihipsey acted as waitress.

Miss Margaret Shipsey entertained with a luncheon in the dining room of the Household Arts Building on Tuesday noon, February 6th. The guests were Miss Lee, Mrs. Burke, Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. Shipsey. Miss Grizzle acted as waitress.

Miss Olga Grizzle entertained with a Valentine Luncheon on Tuesday noon, February 13th. The decorations were carried out in Valentine motif. A beautiful bouquet of red roses decorated the center of the table, while hearts and red color were used most effectively throughout the luncheon. Dainty little valentines with appropriate messages marked the places for the following guests: Mrs. Grizzle, Mrs. King, Mrs. Kibby, Mrs. Edmonds. Miss Huchting assisted Miss Grizzle.

Miss Huchting entertained with a luncheon in the dining room of the Household Arts Building on February 20th. Covers were laid for Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, Messrs. Johnston and Condit. Miss Knight acted as waitress.

Miss Knight acted as hostess at a breakfast served in the dining room of the Household Arts Building on Tuesday morning, February 27th. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. A. D. King, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Swofford.

Several more luncheons are to be served and will receive special mention in the next Journal.

Misses Tognanzinni and Hall entertained with a much relished "Chafing Dish Supper", Monday evening, February 26th. Those who enjoyed it were Misses Kirk, Johnson, Byers and Huchting.

The married ladies of the Faculty were entertained February 12th by Mrs. Edwin B. Smith at a home economics luncheon. After a very substantial lunch, each one of the ladies computed the food value of the portion with which she had been served. A contest in naming the various cuts of meat in the different animals afforded amusement as well as instruction.



# School Notes

School opened on the second of Jan. after an unusual vacation lasting from the Thanksgiving vacation until Christmas, the appearance of scarlet fever being responsible. We are glad to say that the victims have recovered and all goes merrily. On account of the loss of time the mid-term vacation will be shortened.

At a meeting of The San Luis Bay Athletic Association it was decided that the track season would be held before base ball this year. A schedule of meets has been arranged. We have a meet with Santa Barbara High and possibly the team will go to Palo Alto for the interscholastics. The annual meet with the County Schools will be held as usual. The base ball schedule has also been arranged.

The debaters were unfortunate in their contest with Paso Robles but have no kick coming. They ran up against a better team, that's all. Recently San Luis High went down in defeat to Arroyo Grande.

The Freshman Class gave the historic dance in the Dining Hall on Jan. 27. Needless to say the affair was a complete success. The Junior Class are now discussing ways and means of entertaining the school. The plans are not matured but before this appears in print it will be a matter of history.

The State Legislature has decided that school must be held on the birthdays of our heroes and that fitting exercises shall be held. In accordance with this plan we were in school on the 12th of Feb. and had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Secrest speak.

The exercises were opened by the singing of America by the school. Mr. Smith introduced the speaker by telling of his personal acquaintance with Lincoln. He said that Mr. Secrest gave this talk three years ago and that it was a personal story. Mr. Secrest is the father of Miss Secrest of our Faculty staff.



Mr. Secrest was glad to be with the boys and girls. Would like to be a boy once more himself, or if he couldn't be a boy would like to be a girl. He remarked on the great improvement of schools in our day and advises us to make the best use of our opportunities.

The 12th of Feb. is a red letter day in the history of our country and Feb. is a red letter month, for once in four years it offers an opportunity for the unmarried ladies to pop the question.

In the fall of 1860 "Abe" Lincoln ran for President. Mr. Secrest was then with two companions traveling from Indiana to Kansas. Political strife was very bitter between Douglas and Lincoln parties. The slavery question stirred the nation to its depths. The South accomplished the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the feeling between the two sections was very bitter. While he was making this journey he and his companions came near engaging in combat with some of the opposing forces but luckily their opponents thought better of it.

Mr. Secrest first saw Lincoln at the post office in Springfield. He gave an excellent description of Lincoln as he first saw him. Later he was introduced to Lincoln by a gunsmith at the Lincoln headquarters. He went there in homespun clothes where there were finely dressed politicians, but his welcome was none the less hearty. He received a copy of Lincoln's Cooper Union Speech, which he has preserved to this day. This is the famous speech having for a text the biblical quotation: "A House Divided Against Itself Can Not Live."

Mr. Secrest was a seargent in the Kansas Volunteers at the time of President Lincoln's assassination. He spoke feelingly of the indignation and sorrow which filled the ranks.

In conclusion he viewed with sorrow the increasing loss of patriotism in our land and quoted:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
That never this to himself hath said?  
'This is my own, my native land,'"

Mr. Secrest is a Swiss, and he told of the feeling of patriotism that fills the hearts of his countrymen.

We need another Lincoln today, he thinks, to right the wrongs of labor, especially woman and child labor of the South.

"Patriotism," he says, "is an emotion of which we should be proud. It aids the preservation of our institutions. Lincoln should be our ideal of a patriot."

Mr. Secrest thought he had better stop or we would think he was like the man Lincoln closed up by likening him to a steamboat. A man

on the Ohio bought a little steamboat. This steamer had a five-foot boiler and a seven-foot whistle.

Mr. Karl MacMurry of the High School Faculty gave a very interesting talk on "Corn Products" at a special assembly Feb. 1. Some startling facts appeared during the course of his instructive discussion. Of the whole amount of corn produced in the United States, about ten per cent is used for purposes other than the ordinary with which we are familiar. A corn syrup dilutes olive oil, cheapens molasses, and increases the amount of the production of maple syrup. Rubber made from corn is used extensively in all articles of such manufacture. The pulp is used for ballast in the United States battle ships. In a score of other products, the corn producer furnishes a large part of the material.

On Feb. 15 the Junior Class held their first meeting. An election of officers was held. Mr. McLain was elected Pres., Miss Helen Sandercock Vice., Miss Fay Welch Sec., Mr. Mendenhall Treas. Mr. P. R. Welch presided at the meeting.

Mr. C. R. Small, the Superintendent of City Schools, was the speaker on Washington's Birthday. Mr. Small is an excellent speaker and we all enjoyed his talk. The exercises were opened by the singing of "The Red, White and Blue." Mr. Bennett favored us with a selection on the piano. Mr. Smith noticed that many students were not present. He assured us that Mr. Small was not personally acquainted with Washington. Mr. Small confirmed Mr. Smith's statement. He quoted that old saying, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen," saying that it is now a joke and has no meaning to the people. He says that it is our loss that he is not first in our hearts and thinks it is because we do not know him as a man. We know Washington, the General, Washington, the President, but we do not know Washington, the man. This is the reason for the action of the Legislature in holding school on these days, and he agreed to tell us something of Washington, the man.

Washington was a very human boy. He was a good boy but a human boy. He was one of a large family, his father having married twice. Washington was a good student, he wrote a good hand and was careful about his work. He was fond of mathematics but was a poor speller. At the age of fifteen he began to make his own living and surveyed the estate of Lord Fairfax. Young Washington had many affairs of the heart. He got over them all, but in the end was nabbed by Mrs. Custis.

Mr. Small told how Washington governed himself so well, but said



he was glad that Washington lost his remarkable self control once in a while, as it showed him to be only a mortal like ourselves. He was not cold and undemonstrative as many people thought him. His natural reserve made people think him so.

Washington was broad-minded and progressive. He was a true royalist, but when his principles became involved and he thought it right, he turned democrat. He disregarded himself in the revolution, for he had everything to lose and little to gain. He should be in fact, not only in statement, "First in the hearts of his countrymen."

Washington's motto was, "Perseverance and spirit have done wonders in all ages."

On the 23rd a meeting of all those interested in athletics was held to discuss track and base ball. Since the adoption of the new schedule more or less confliction between the two sports has been the rule and it was hoped that some understanding could be reached. The meeting was called to order by track captain Cook. There were talks on school spirit and coming out for track or base ball by Messrs. Nelson, Johnson, Cook, Dyer, Sweitzer and Stone. They were along the right lines and we hope will have the effect of waking the fellows up. Even those fellows who don't care much for school spirit will find it of advantage to go out if they can.

Notices are now posted on the board referring to the students' conference to be held as usual at Pacific Grove this spring. This is always interesting and it is to be hoped that a large delegation will go from Polytechnic. The fellows who went last year had a jolly time.

There have been indications during this spring of a desire to change among dormitory boys. This is probably due to the cases of diphtheria which developed in the dormitory. While the cases were very mild, the authorities were wise in quarantining the dormitory. The boys had to move out and have not all returned yet. We are glad to say that Master Edwards and Mr. Nickel are once more on deck, altho we regret to say that Mr. Nickel has not given the attention to his studies that he should, according to what we hear as to his conduct in Botany Lab. "There's a moral."

It is rumored that another of our Profs is to enter the rank and file of married men. Question: Are the Poly Profs paid a bonus to take unto themselves wives? If not, why the epidemic?

The Senior class has had several meetings and have chosen a class pin which is said to be all to the merry.

In conclusion, the News Editor begs to ask that all those who are in possession of items, which they consider of interest to the school, will turn them in to that much harrassed individual, and thus make his labors lighter.





Welcome Olive and Gold (Christmas number) Santa Barbara! You are so much improved that you are well nigh perfect, but you must have lost a beloved and valued school mate, indeed, by the death of that young genius, Esther Smith, whose literary contributions add so much to your excellent magazine. Although one of your faults remains that of printing advertisements in the front of your paper. Every department is remarkably well written and we wish to congratulate you especially on your literary and josh department. Ex. jokes are usually objected to; however, yours are so well selected that no fault can be found with this excruciatingly funny department. Scattering jokes through your advertisements certainly draws attention to your patrons. In our opinion you are one of the best as well as largest exchanges we have received since Christmas.

Very "Christmasy" is the cover of The Argus (Christmas number) Tulare High. We object to your arrangement having the editorial page first; the scarcity of good cuts and the absence of a news department. Nevertheless, two of your best features are your literary and social department.

The Argus (May, 1911) has not such an attractive cover, but is, on the whole, a far more creditable magazine than the more recent number. Highly intelligent and interesting are the articles on "Domestic Science" and the "Historical Evolution of the Human Soul." You have a literary department of which to be proud. We would enjoy more of your excellent cuts. Throughout your book prevails the most wide awake school spirit.

As usual, Alert (December, 1911) Turlock High, you are a very enjoyable exchange. Although your athletics and joshes are not very

strong, and we recognize several old cuts, you have a few neat new cuts, interesting literary department, bright editorials, well written school notes and a good critical exchange department.

What large magazine is this? Oh, the Commercial Number, December, 1911, of The Oracle from Duval High, Jacksonville, Fla. We thoroughly enjoyed the photographs and the articles on your beautiful and progressive city. You are doing good work in athletics as shown by the enthusiastic write up. In spite of the fact that you still have advertisements in front, support no joke column, and need new cuts, we are glad to see many improvements in you, such as a good index of contents, illustrations and directory of advertisers. It is easily seen that the whole book is the result of energetic work by the students.

The Oracle (January, 1912) has a fine literary department containing instructive articles as well as the usual large amount of fiction and beautiful poetry. In the exchange department is a clever idea of having some of the criticisms given in verse.

Don't you like the cover design of The Oracle (February, 1912) which is similar to that of the December issue? Again you have an extensive literary department and your exchange column is even better than usual. We like the new heading "School Notes" much better than the old one of "Society" for the various class write ups and we are glad to see a few new headings. Your paper is also benefitted by the addition of a josh column. The Juniors are certainly a classy class, Oracle.

Here comes The Farnum Tattler (November, 1911) all the way from the Farnum Prep. School, Beverly, N. J. It would be a great improvement if you would relegate all ads to the back of your little magazine, and besides this, your arrangement is poor in several respects, especially in having editorials among the literary numbers. Your exchange editor should criticise the exchanges, not merely enumerate the books received. We do not approve of the heading, "School Notes," for the jokes following. However, we wish to congratulate you on keeping your Literary department up to its usual high standard.

The Farnum Tattler (January, 1912). The same criticism of arrangement as in the previous issue must be made. The absence of such departments as news, jokes, and society gives your paper an air of incompleteness. As for your virtues, your exchange department is better although it could yet be improved upon and your literary department is even more interesting than usual.



What a tiny Oak you are. The Oak (November, 1911) Washington Lower High School, Berkeley, Cal. We enjoyed your brilliant article, "Time to Call a Halt" and "A Letter from Japan," which is very interesting. On the whole your literary department is a pleasing one. You certainly have an extensive exchange list but why not offer helpful criticisms instead of merely printing the list. The appearance of your paper would be enhanced by cuts and printing the number on the cover and the interest heightened by social, joke, news, and athletic departments. The fact that the printing of The Oak is done by the students reflects great credit on your school.

Here's another little issue of The Oak (February 5, 1912) the exchange department of which is vastly improved by the editor's criticisms. Good luck to you in your contests.

Glad to see you again, The Polygraph (November 30, 1911) Riverside High. You are on the right track for you are fairly bubbling over with athletic spirit.

In The Polygraph of December 14, 1911, the subject of athletics does not run rampant, but there is the addition of several articles on other topics of interest. Your jokes are simply killing. The Polygraph boasts a splendid idea, that of having a column of "What Others are Doing."

Again we have read with interest the practical and instructive articles for which The Penn State Farmer is well known. Especially enjoyable were the photos and articles on forestry, the live stock show, the fruit show, and landscape gardening.

Welcome, stranger, Tempe Normal Student (November 24, 1911), Tempe, Arizona. Although quite different from most of the exchanges we hope you will come again.

Quite noticeable is your improvement, The Bulletin (January, 1912), from the high school of Montclair, N. J., tho the same criticism of ads in front, rather disorderly arrangement, not enough good cuts and no joke column can be made. But your literary and school notes departments are good, and we are glad to see your athletic supremacy. It is too bad to detract from the well written exchange department by the use of such tiny print.

Why, here's another Oracle. This one is the Christmas number from Kern County High School. The advertisements in the front and on the back cover and the careless arrangement of material seem to be your main faults. Among your virtues are your excellent cuts and good literary and



various other well written departments, particularly the josh column which is a roar from start to finish.

What a beautifully artistic cover has the Christmas number of The Classicum, Ogden High School, Ogden, Utah. But the ads in the front and on the back cover are very detrimental to your appearance. You are to be congratulated on your literary department. It is unusual to encounter a continued story in a school publication so we are glad to find you have such a thrilling one, which, besides showing you have a student who cares enough about her school to write such a long narrative greatly increases the interest in your magazine. The various write ups are very good, especially the editorials and jokes, while the majority of your cuts are very clever.

How bright your cover is, The Sotoyoman (December, 1911) Healdsburg High. "The Girls' Basket Ball" and "The Freshman Party" should not be sandwiched in among the literary numbers. We hope the students profit by your straight forward editorials.

The Sotoyoman (January, 1912) we are sorry it is necessary to put ads in the front of your book, and, as in the previous issue, the arrangement is poor. Taken as a whole, this number is a great improvement over last month's, especially in the exchange, josh, society, and school notes departments. Of course, you boast stirring editorials, and we agree with your editor that it would be more profitable for a school of only one hundred pupils to publish a paper semi-annually than to struggle along trying to make the monthly publications successful without the co-operation of the entire student body.

Greetings, The Crescent (November, 1911) from Concordia College, Moorhead, Minn. Again we have to protest against ads in the front and rather faulty arrangement. We would like to hear more of your social life.

The Crescent (December) your literary department is far below the usual standard and your appearance would be enhanced by a few good cuts. Concordia must be a wide awake, healthful school.

The Crescent (January, 1912). Having the fly leaf, and then the gymnasium photograph first, greet the eye is a great improvement. Your interest in literary societies and music, which are so universally neglected speaks well for you. We are glad to note your literary department is better than in the previous issue, and that enthusiastic basket ball spirit is shown.

This clever magazine is The Adjutant (November, 1911) of Mount Tamalpais Military Academy. Your literary department is entertaining

indeed; the editorials bright, and the stanzas at the beginning of notes and locals exceedingly witty.

Another good military exchange is The Skirmish (October, 1911) of St. Mathews School, Burlingame. Accept our congratulations on your literary and exchange departments.

The Skirmish (December, 1911). As usual your literary department is excellent and your lengthy athletics write up is especially interesting while your jokes are more laughable than ever. You are so lively we enjoy reading you and hope to see you soon again.

A very tasteful cover design has The Ilex (Christmas, 1911) Woodland High. Your delightful literary department, rousing Rugby write up, and enjoyable exchange column are strong points in your favor while the cuts and jokes are weakest, except for the omission of society and news departments. We compliment the staff on this exceptionally good production which shows marked improvement over the last Ilex we saw.

You are such a good exchange, The Tiger (Yule Tide Number) Lick High School, San Francisco, that we hate to tell you we could scarcely figure out your name from the distorted lettering on your cover, and we object to the ads in front and on your back cover. Besides your entertaining fiction, you boast two finely instructive articles' namely, "The Production of a High School Paper" and "The Manufacture of Felt Paper." Besides your dandy cuts, every department is remarkably well written but for lack of space I can not praise you enough.

One of our very best exchanges is The Manzanita (December, 1911) Watsonville High. In the literary department, "Europe as Miss Redman Sees It", is very interesting, and "A Foot Ball Tale" decidedly amusing. Lively wit shines throughout this paper, especially in the various class write ups, athletics, and alumni. The photos add greatly to your appearance. In spite of the cry against deadness of Hi the whole book shows enthusiastic personality good to encounter.



Put the hammer in the locker,  
Hide the sounding board likewise;  
Any one can be a knocker,  
Any one can criticise.  
Cultivate a manner winning,  
Tho it hurts your face to smile  
And seems awkward in beginning,  
Be a booster for a while.

#### PASSING ROWAN'S.

C. S.—“My! but that candy smells good.”

Bill N.—“You bet it does; let's stop and smell it awhile.”

Enthusiastic Mech.—“That motor bike of your's sounds just like a beautiful piece of poetry when it is running.”

Prof. Johnston—“It's a blame sight better 'Reading' than most poetry I ever heard.”



Chuck—"Going to town tonight?"

Wilkie—"Yep. You got any money?"

Chuck—"Yes, a little."

Wilkie—"Well, I'll see you in town."

Chuck—"That depends."

Wilkie—"Depends on what?"

Chuck—"On whether I see you first."

## IN ENGLISH II.

Miss Chase—"That is a very moving description, Humphrey."

Hillard—"Y-y-y-yes m-m-m-am, I kn-n-now it is. It k-k-k-  
m-m-m-e m-m-m-oving for the la-la-last two d-d-ays t-t-to g-g-g-et it in."

## QUERY.

Why is "Cow" not like a jack-knife?

A—Because a jack-knife is sharp and will shut up.

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat? Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2, total 10. Others say Eve 8 and Adam 82, then the total will be 90. Now if Eve 81 and Adam 812, the total would be 893. Then if Eve 81 (1st) and Adam 812, the total would be 1623; or again, Eve 814 Adam and Adam 81242 oblige Eve—total 82,056. Tho we admit Eve 814 Adam, Adam if he 8181242 keep Eve company—total 8,182,056. All wrong. Eve, when she 81812 many and probably felt sorry for it, and therefore Adam if he 81814240-fy Eve's depressed spirits, hence both ate 81896864 apples.

## EXCHANGE.

## PISCATORIAL PROLOGUE.

Once more the month of April has drifted to the fore,

And disciples of old Walton rejuvenate their lore.

Here one recites with ardor the marvelous catch he made

Of trout and bass, of size and weight, to make one half afraid.

Of course some ready scoffer who ne'er the sport did try

Will wink to his co-hearers and say, "Just let the liar lie."

Now I, myself, upon a time, at those self-same yarns would jeer;

But — — — (The poet here finds himself unable to collect sufficient data to complete the above verse. He asserts that had he attempted some simple rhyme like "Horatius" he would have encountered no difficulty. We accept the explanation and print the unfinished production with vague wonder what the remainder might have been. [Editorial Note.]

"Ha! I will fool the blood hounds yet!" cried the fugitive hoarsely,  
and slipping on his rubbers he erased his tracks. EX.

### WHAT A SLAM!

Cora Shulze—"There's something preying on my mind."

Shorty Brew—"Never mind, it will soon die of starvation."

Shorty Reeves—"I know something you don't know."

Chuck—"Yes? What is it?"

Shorty—"You're standing on my foot."

Chuck—"Well, ain't it made to stand on?"

H. S.—"Did you ever see a balloon?"

Fitz—"Pshaw! I was raised in one."

"Hello!" called the Mixer, "where have you been all the time?"

"Serving on the jury," answered his friend.

"Well, I can sympathize with you," said the Mixer; "it must have been a good deal of a bore. Isn't it funny, by the way, that they always seem to want ignoramuses on a jury now days? They never take anybody—that, that, of course I mean as a general thing—for they do once in a while get a man of intelligence—I'm not speaking of you of course—I don't know whether you get exactly what I'm driving at or not, but—but—the fact is, I—that's a mighty fine stick-pin you're wearing, old man. Where'd you get it?" SEMI-EXCHANGE.

### O, YOU PROF.!!

Prof. Ryder in Geom. Class—"Miss Shulze, if you will step a little to one side I think we can see your figure better."

You mustn't walk across the base ball field, you shouldn't smoke a pill.

You hadn't better cut the study hall, not even if you're ill.

You mustn't cuss in Botany nor shoot fire crackers in Tab,

Unless you wish a dressing down when shown upon the slab.

You mustn't "fake" a drawing set or may be three or four,

Nor swipe tools from the shops enough to start a store.

You shouldn't take for models either Yocum or old Chuck,

And take to chicken coops in quarantine like water to a duck.

And there's other things you shouldn't do, but I'll not stop to tell,

For too much said is worse than none, and then I might catch—diphtheria.

Oh, yes, we've all heard that before !!

She—"My hands are cold."

Silence.

She—(again) "Nobody loves me."

He—(at last) "God loves you. Sit on your hands." —EX.

Here's to lky, dear old lky,

Always just a minute late.

When the roll is called up yonder,

Will he be just outside the gate?

Stoney—(as Ham falls on dance floor) "Say, Ham, can't you see that floor is waxed?"

Hammaker—"Yes, you sad fool, I just tumbled to it."

#### WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?!!

She—"O, Mr. Murray, you have no idea how much it meant to me when you kissed me last night."

Barney—"Is that so? I won five dollars on it myself."

Our artist is reported to have drawn a picture of a hen so natural that when it was thrown in the waste basket it laid there. That's hard to believe, but how about the time she found that she was able to draw her breath with both hands tied behind her back and her eyes closed? Beat that. And again, at a single sitting, she drew a check for ten dollars on one of our local banks—yes, and what's more, it was accepted. Truly an artist after our own heart.

Faculty Advisor—"Mr. Briggs, you are cutting classes entirely too often. It has got to stop."

Briggs—"You talk as if I was the man that invented class ditching."

F. A.—"No, I don't think you invented it, but I know that you've gone a mighty long way towards perfecting it."

Ignorant Fresh—"Say can you tell me when the end of term comes?"

Smart Senior—"Yes, along towards the last."

#### WE ALL BELIEVE YOU, WILKIE.

Wilkie—"When I like a fellow I can't do him enough."



Caliente—"Yes, I made that song 'The Old Oaken Bucket' up out of my own head."

Bill S.—"And I suppose you had enough material left to make a set of oak furniture."

### O, YOU DYNAMITERS.

J. S.—"Goodness alive! what if that dynamite would go off. Where would we go to?"

Bush—"Huh! No use asking foolish questions like that. Any fool'd know where we'd go."

A third grade teacher had been giving to her class the fundamental principles of the drama. When she was thru she gave to them the topic "Our first American Flag" on which to practice. The result as obtained by one of the young dramatists was as follows:

#### Act I. Scene I.

(Two American soldiers talking)

First soldier—"Say, do you know we ain't got no American flag?"

Second soldier—"Yep, ain't it fierce?"

#### Act II. Scene II.

(George Washington in his tent, soldiers standing around)

Soldier—"Say, George, do you know we ain't got no American flag?"

Geo. Washington—"Yep, ain't it fierce?"

#### Act III. Scene III.

(Betsey Ross' kitchen)

Geo. Washington—"Say, Betsey, do you know we ain't got no American flag?"

Betsey Ross—"Yep, ain't it fierce? Here, you hold the baby a minute while I go make one."

[Curtain.]

He—"I love you."

She—"So do I."

He—"Do What?"

She—"Love myself."

## WHAT A SMEAR!!

(In history)

Prof.—“Wake up, Mr. Clark, do you remember those dates?”

Clark—“Oh—oh, yes—“Tog” Monday night—Fern, Tuesday—Wednesday—let’s see—

Prof.—“That’s all right but can you tell me the dates of those wars?”

## JAN 18—SPECIAL NOTICE.

Ikey and Stockton were on time for roll call in Animal Hus. Amen.

## ANALOGY.

“Yep, you bet. The man who says we ought to live to be a hundred years old is all right. Look at the horse for instance. It takes a horse three years to get its growth and it lives to be thirty. It takes a man twenty years to get his growth and by the same ratio he ought to live to be two hundred. There are lots of things we can learn from analogy.”

“I don’t know but what you are right,” responded the unemotional man. “For instance there is the flea. It jumps thirteen hundred times its own length. There is no reason therefore why a man six feet tall should not be able to jump—let me see—seven thousand eight hundred feet or a mile and a half at one leap. Yes, we can learn a great many curious things from analogy.”

## THE SONG OF THE CYCLIST.

Take a hike on a bike or a tandem twin  
What you use depends entirely on the fix you’re in.  
A Merkle Flyer means a buyer with a lot of cash,  
Or a man like our Prof. Ryder with an awful push.  
Excelsior “four” means a store of two hundred bucks,  
But Cooper and J. Perozzi always were strong on their lucks.  
Johnny’s Reading’s great on speeding to the school at noon,  
But Hump’s Thor, tho strong and steady, is never there too soon.  
Link “Luchaser” is a racer on his Indian twin  
And would be a first rate fellow but for the fix he’s in.  
And the last, tho not so fast, is dear “Sister’s” bike  
Which looks much like “Juicy’s” racer but is slower on the hike.



It is entirely superfluous to say that nobody on the "staff" concocted the following conglomeration. Even the Editor (shame to him) finds only about a hundred words that appear familiar to him. There is a primary, also a secondary reason for including this tit-bit within these covers. The primary reason, or reasons, are—that some of our subscribers and friends might like to possess it for a keep-sake and that among our students it may induce a longing for a higher education. The secondary reason is that we need material to help fill this department. It may seem at first blush that this "exchange" is out of place in the Josh columns since with a trial attempt at reading, the majority of our readers will concede that it is "no joke," but we know that there was some joke connected with it altho at present we can't recall it. We also know that the production includes five different languages. That is surely joke enough.

In tempus old a hero lived,  
Qui loved puellas deux;  
He no pouvait pas quite to say  
Which one amabat mieux.

Dit—il lui—meme un beau matin,  
"Non possum both avoir,  
Sed si address Amanda Ann,  
Then Kate and I have war."

"Amanda habet argent coin,  
Sed Kate has aureas curls;  
Et both sunt very agathae,  
Et quite formosae girls."

Enfin the youthful anthropos,  
Philoun the duo maids,  
Resolved proponere ad Kate  
Devant cet evening's shades.

Procedens then to Kate's domo,  
Il trouve Amanda there,  
Kai quite forgot his late resolves,  
Both sunt so goodly fair.

Sed smiling on the new tapis,  
Between puellas twain,  
Coeplit to tell his love á Kate  
Dans un poetique strain.

Mais, glancing ever et anon  
At fair Amanda's eyes,  
Illae non possunt dicere  
Pro which he meant his sighs.

Each virgo heard the demi-vow,  
With cheeks as rouge as wine,  
And offering each a milk-white hand,  
Both whispered, "Ich bin dein."

### OH, MULE!!

"Oh noble mule, how comest thou here?  
Thou hast tilled the soil for many a year,  
Clubbed and cursed—Oh! such abuse!  
Then served at table for family use.

Eat hearty, friends, of this corned meat.  
'Tis something grand; 'tis hard to beat  
'Tis called "corned beef"; be not deceived;  
A thing must be seen before it is believed.

I'll explain to you all in words of rhyme:  
Before the mule is killed he has served his time.  
Cudahy buys perhaps a thousand in a bunch,  
And prepares them in cans—an elegant lunch.

He ships them abroad in his own refrigerators.  
'Tis the making of our mulligan with onions and  
taters;  
'Tis served in our dining rooms and lunch pails at  
school.  
What is more delicious than the meat of a mule?"



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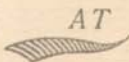
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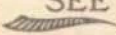
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## Eye Talk

An education is a much desired thing and absolutely essential in the fight for an existence worth while. While studying obstruse subjects, learn to interpret the danger signals of Nature. The Headache is Eye Language intrepreted "I need Help" and is one of the most pronounced symptoms of an over worked eye. An over worked horse will balk. Why not the eyes? They surely do. Keen wit, clear heads, quick thoughts, are positive requisites in the pace set today. But what a handicap a dull headache is when caused by the eyes.

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